

Somebody should buy this band.

But I
don't wanna
take a
shower.



The pounds not a warehouse, it's a slaughterhouse. If we don't adopt those animals they'll be murdered. Do your part to pay for the sin of humanness. Adopt a doomed animal from the death camp on Lamont Street, you'll both be better off.

Nina Manina Fido

Seriously
Speaking

-DR. DEAD STAIN



Whew! Between wolfing (wolfing) cigarettes and waiting for Mr. Coffee to do his thing, it's been a busy month! A trip to Ann Arbor, a bout with Diarrhea Dan, hell, I even had my elbows done. Like I said, things have been hoppin' and we got the hot coals (and cold facts) to prove it. Got hungrey ears? Okay, chew on these.

VENOM: BLACK METAL LP—Okay, so all of a sudden it's VENOM! VENOM! VENOM! Hell, even Tesco gave these slugs the thumbs-up, as did D.O.R., the SM's and Edna. And, hey, that's okay cuz if you've never heard Black Sabbath (1&2) or Alice Cooper (Love It to Death, Killer) than maybe this sleepy sludge-fest sounds really bomb. The truth is though that Bon Scott wouldn't scream sideways at these guys. 'Hell and Back' is a straight Babys cop ('Head First') just as 'Bloodlust rips-off fucking Montrose! I SAID MONTROSE!! I mean, is this pedestrian pretentiousness or pretentious pedestrianism? I mean, there's a top-forty band down the street that could cook these lamebrains! But, huh uh, cuz its Image, Image, Image AND A LOTTA PEOPLE LIKE IT. AND THERES NOTHIN WRONG WITH THAT GODDAMMIT! So I suppose I should just shut-up. Cool, just one more thing. Although the song 'Black Metal' sounds like good tractor sex, listening to the rest of this mung is like eating someone else's boogers. Dav old ones at that.

AEROSMITH: ROCK IN A HARD PLACE—Now this is more like it! With AC/DC treading water and Van Halen hiding under covers (Dancing In the Street, Pretty Woman, Moonlight In Formosa) it's good to know at least one of the Heavy Metal big guns is still brandishing a full cartridge. I mean, this little whore-hopper pistol-whips like some mad gungel and leaves powder burns on my chubby little lobes. Sure, Joe Perry is gone, but little Stevie Tyler was right: they need Joe like Deb Betz needs a bust enlarger. Really! They got a new cat named Jimmy Crispo and not only is he better (less melody, more pure noise) but he's also a hell of a lot cuter. Picks to click: 'Jail Bait,' 'Bitches Brew,' and (my fave) 'Lightning Strikes.' Now, this song is a HM masterslab and is strongly recommended to Holy Terror. Toss in some gloss-dirt production, an auto-accident rhythm section and, of course, Rat-squeal Tyler, and the partys begun! Great for playing catch with anvils. Or bust enlargers.

MINUTE MEN: WHAT MAKES A MAN START FIRES? First off, this is not hardcore. Nor is it punk. Hell, this isn't even rocknroll. Sure, there's a few fast-fucks here (like 3 outta 18) but mostly I hear Gang of Four, tempered with alotta macho Tweetybird imitations. Sounds like they eat alotta salads. And though I love the singer's low-rent delivery the lyrics are like those obscure-o impressionistic twaddle-pools personified by bands like Yes and King Crimson for christsakes! Throw in some Mose Allison and a funk hanky that George Clinton wouldn't blow his nose on, and, bingo, you've got it. An art band for the 80's. Serves you right.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: EP—Take Ultravox and the Stooges. Throw in Echo & the Bunnymen minus the over-ernest mouthpiece. Add Talkin Heads without the wimpy intellectualisms. Then some guitar that stutters and scratches and scurries like tuarantulas with tiny lead boots. Puke in it, toss in a drumstick from a robot chicken (inspired by Flipper) and yer close. It's a dark silver sometimes rock/sometimes not scattergun drone. Sometimes. The singer kicks butt and does a mean Alan Vaga (who knows about this black rain shit). And the guitar, well, he does it all. Is it all! He shatters and destroys and scrapes and parries and pretty much carries the hard-on. Add a slug of great bass and drums and, what can I say? Happy Birthday!

...Dib's, couldn't make it this time...
Edna don't come 'round no more... maybe next time... Yipes! We're runnin' outa space. Wheres the funk?... Who said U-2? I said Pink Floyd. Geez I was drunk... turn that thing off*****

PERSONAL TO THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY FLOWERED POSTCARD: What are you talking about? Listen sweetie, we don't hate Kenny OR Mike Hard. We know them both personally and think they're genius's. The crack about Ken was (for the 900th time) tongue-in-cheek, and we ran a rave review of Mike and the Virelles in our first issue. As to your thoughts on hardcore, I sometimes agree (see guest editorial). What do YOU listen to? We're always open to suggestions. Also you asked what we thought of your paper. Who knows? You didn't send us one. (Nor did you sign yer name. Did you forget it?) Also loved that comment about Dr. D's two inch dick.

tv on upstairs
me down here
big house
three bedrooms
two baths
full basement
one human
me
i'm a decadent girl

in the kitchen
(big kitchen)
Nine-Lives catfood
dries up on Lennox china
seven fat pussies ignore it
they want a change
i share my Kalua & Cream
with them



NECROS-CONQUEST FOR DEATH: I give up. I've seen these cats 3 times and think that they are THE live band. The music cooks and Barry Hensler is one of the great front men. Period.

So heres the long-awaited and much bally-hooed album and watta we got? Lets take a look: First off they name it after their stupidest, ugliest, DUMBEST song. 'BE A MAN!' Barry screams (over and over) like he wishes to high Heaven he could. Who writes these words anyway? The writers for Square Pegs? Sid's ghost? I mean, you got 13 songs here but theres no light, no relief from the dick shrivling bummed-outtedness of it all, and worst, NO FUN. And half this shit isn't even fast. What with all the fast-to-slow tempo changes it sounds generic Circle Jerks. Maybe changes it sounds like generic Circle Jerks. Maybe they've given up jogging. And Hey Mr. Guitar player! How come 'Take 'Em Up' didn't end up on here? Don't let those guys push you around! That was better than anything on this dead disc and was probably the second best thing they ever committed to vinyl. Which brings us to the real reason I'm being such a crybaby: 'Bad Dream.' This here little nigger-toe was the BEST psycho in that Process Of Elimination nuthouse. It went for the jugler and stayed there. The molten guitar, Big Bear's voice sliding like a lizard into a mass of metallic echo. Whew! But dat was den and dis is now. Now they've redone it, produced it up, and sucked out all the guts. Low octane Foreigner? Yep, I'm afraid so. This whole slab is too slick, full of too many half-baked riffs, and totally inconsequential. But just fuck it. I love this band and if they play anywhere around Ill be there, skanking with my bottle. But this record makes the Bay City Rollers sound positively brilliant. Be a man, indeed.

The girls in the office really got a laugh on that one. So please, write again, send us a copy of yer paper, and blow me.

THE SWOLLEN MEMBERS: CAPTURED LIVE AT MAPLE HILL MALL

On Saturday, July 2, THE SWOLLEN MEMBERS made a dramatic arrival into the publics eye. After extensive practice in the privacy of thier basement ("clubhouse") they made a surprise appearance at Maple Hill Mall.

This was to have been the first stop on thier "Shopping Trip Tour" of area malls. Instead it turned out to be a multi-misdemeanor charge. The general ideas behind the move are fairly rational: Basically frustrated by the lack of appropriate stages to perform on, the guys wanted to get some live exposure & thought this would be a good way to introduce thier new song "Mall Girls".

They showed up around noon & hauled thier equipment into the main lobby. They were approached by a security guard as they tuned-up. Lead singer, Phlem Barker, assured him that they were there at the invitation of the management. Something about a pre-Independence Day celebration... Shoppers were truly shocked at the ferocious tuning-up by Bob-Sub Genius, on guitar. He banged & chocked chords out with intense rythemic attack building up into a high pitched whine that curled several suburban hairs.

The video arcade emptied out immediately. Several dozen youths raced into the lobby. Everyone of them had a different slogan on thier T-shirt & no 2 were the same.

Phlem, eyes darting (feeling the pulse of consumerism?) shot off a couple lines of hyper-rap & then

collapsed. Face on floor- microphone on floor- they jumped into "Mall Girls".

Forgien cars
Suburban homes
Fast food babis drink
Diet pop
Mall girls say
Fuck the caffiene
Got no need for
Added hormones

Mall girls
Talkin loud
Mall girls
Walkin tall
Mall girls
Got no regrets
Mall girls smoke
Menthol cigarettes



Calvin Klein
Designer jeans
Corn-fed babies

Run in gangs
Don't need a horny boy
To carry books no more
Mall girls drivin
Daddy's car

It took less than a minute to ram it out. Most of the audience looked capruted: Frozen in place, staring, not responding. Some looked maimed & swayed in a trance like state.

Phlem, in a heap, jerked & flipped on his back & started kicking his legs violently. He smacks himself on the forehead with the mic & cries out "Bad Boys Don't get Dinner!", one of the dumbest songs I have ever heard. The younger kids loved it & clapped thier tiny hands. Some of the older kids started talking loudly to each other. The crowd grew.

Jumping to his feet & running behind an amp, Phlem grabs a battery operated toy microphone. His voice sounds thin & far away through this thing. The guitar goes mega-treble the drums go tin pan alley. The song is "Mister Microphone". This sneaky, hook filled song ends in a wash of treble that left a bag lady or 2 lurching in place for the beat.

The 2 city police officers, 3 security guards, & man in a suit were not, however, lurching. They were quickly working thier way through the crowd. The band, sensing urgency,

chopped off a joke about a man going to Alaska & grind out a couple of manic verses from Van Halen's "Ain't Talking Bout Love". This segued into Phlem taunting the approaching officers, "How big is it? Is it hairy?" He ran away from them & the band pounded out "Operation On My Dick". The singer was tackled & the guitar unplugged. Big, Hot Sam pretzles were thrown into the scene. The drummer went into a James Brown beat & kept the intruders at bay with an occasional loose stick. Soon, he was subdued & the silence was deafening. Some applause was heard. Don't know if it was for the Police or the MEMBERS.

Some fake plants were pulled out of the planters. The crowd was cleared & the amps, drums, & p.a. equip. were impounded. The guys were charged with noise disturbance. Thier van was towed away for being in a No Parking zone.

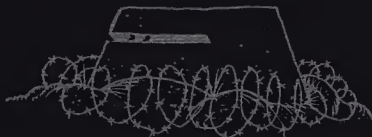
Talk about putting the ass before the horse... Are the SWOLLEN MEMBERS simple sociopaths in search of thier lost sick puppy? They claim they are

going to plead innocent & hold out for a jury trial

Anyway, I promise NEXT ish to get an interview. There is quite a bit of ground I would like to cover.

"Now about that earring?"

MY NEW RECORDS: PIG BOY REPORTS FROM THE BUNKER



THE SLACKER E.P.

Heck, the ole pistol was still smokin' from last ish when I found this E.P. in the bin at the local record store. I traded all my Bunny Wailer & Peter Tosh records in exchange for this disc, & what did I get? Well, I'll tell ya.

First off, the public should be warned that the tripe on this record is so slow that the songs flail & stumble in vain to to keep up with the spinning vynal. & at 33 rpm, ya gotta see it to believe it. The riddim section is predictable & wrought out. The guitar strums & twangs with the intensity of a 30 watt light bulb, often sounding like a rubber band. Bootsy would not be pleased. & the Australian (Katherine A.J. Kass King)-lead singer/rock star/Grand Poo Bah- emotes with operatic visions & um, art damage.

Just the facts, Maam. The record starts off with a real "toaster", SINISI SONG. Guess what its about? Nope. Its about smoking pot at home, smoking pot on South, Street, smelling pot comming in through the register... Geez! Gimme a Merit will ya, Doctor D.?

IF I HAD DREADLOCKS
If I had dreadlocks
It would be alright
Listen to reggae music
All night

Songs of revolution
Songs about spliffs

CALLING ALL HAIR DRESSERS!

WHEN MEN COME. This ones got a call & response approach. The cracking whip or hand-clapping machine lends this a Western flavor. The title is chant,ap like a church hymn by the guys & returned by the female in a snotty nasal that turns me on. Now I'm having fun.

DAY TRIPPER. The skanking guitar leads into the highlight of the album: the overlaid (or was it live?) ringing of the telephone. (What dd Bob Marley & John Lennon have in common?) More heavy breathing.

FRIDAY THE 13th. Here we are told to have no more superstitions. I liked the movie better.

DON'T DROP THE BOMB. A protest song. "Don't make, don't sell, don't drop the bomb." Well at least they say "please". Drop The Bomb On Me! (Sorry, Gap Band)

IKES! In all truthfulness this thing sounds like good party music when played at 45 rpm. I know that if I were from

Australia I'd be writting about Aboriginies moving into the neighborhood, kangaroos in bondage, & those big cans of Foster's. But this is America. I'm gonna cancel my flight to Jamaica & go to Gilligan's Isle. Onward Christen Soldiers.

Attention all rascals! My inestuous sister from Beantown sent me this poop.

Side A is the Flud Sausage E.P. re-mixed, re-mastered & unsensored. Everything is turned up & sounds even better than the masterfull original. Side B is live & reminds me of molitov cocktails (hold the lime) & restrooms without toilet paper. Why babble on about obvious genius?

THE DANSE SOCIETY. Somewhere/Hide

People from England. Calling Toledo... I say its a cross between early Joy Division & New Order. You can dance & fall down to this stuff. Kinda dreamy, kinda psychodelic. I might buy the L.P. My plants like it.

FLIPPER. Get Away/The Old Lady That Ate The Fly

A band with a porpise. Tremendous drums/ bass/guitar gang-bang. & the singer dose,nt even know the altar boy. The Old Lady, is a traditional song that builds up to

"She swallowed the goat

To swallow the dog

To swallow the cat

To swallow the bird

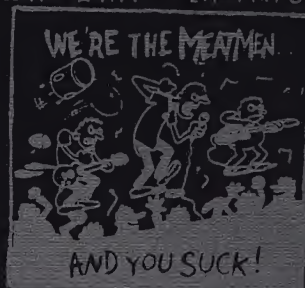
To swallow the spider

To swallow the fly

that wiggled & jiggled inside her."

I'll buy that. But where does the minister fit in?

SPECIAL THANKS TO CANDY GIVENS. HAVE A NICE DAY.



Kool-Aid

A Serious Look

by Dr. D. ★★★★★



Okay, fess up: Are you nervous around members of the opposite sex? Are you constantly picking your nose in bars and wondering why no one ever asks you to dance? Do you find yourself shouting 'PARTY HARDY!' at funerals? In short-are you worried about your Coolativity Quotient?

Now, now, you needn't hang your head in shame. Not only is it perfectly normal but it's also as prevalent as premature ejaculations. In fact, and I shudder to recall it, there was a time when even I was in doubt as to whether I was cool or not. Heaven forbid! you say? Ah ha, but it's true! Me! ME! My own cat wouldn't piss on me. But the point in fact is, I made it, and yes, you poor pathetic slug, you can too. So relax, light up a cig, and open your minds to new horizons of knowledge. What? You don't smoke? Better get to it pal, that's number 8.

#1. Sell your car. Yes. Learn the bus routes, the thumb lanes, and the delicate art of mooching rides from your friends. It's a good way to get to know them better. Friends are definitely okay, that is until they wanna borrow your records. And besides, if you sell your car people will think you're too cool to even wanna go anywhere. If you don't have a car, buy one and then sell it. Now THAT'S cool.

#2. Drink only Strohs. This one worked particularly well for me. Girls who had never given me a second glance suddenly began flocking around me. My girlfriend is constantly getting calls from well-hung 'hunks', as she calls them. Our lawn is healthier, our teeth whiter. Praise the lord.

#3. Sell drugs. Especially hallucinogenics. If you're a high school student then that's even better because it'll be easier to get dates.

#4. Videotape commercials. There's an Ann Arbor family who do this religiously. Imagine Pampers, Crest, Kool-Whip, Bounty, Burger King, Lemon Pledge, Diet Coke, Life (the cereal Mikey liked), Barbie, Cheerios, Lite (the beer Rodney Dangerfield likes), Night Hawks, Ford Escorts, and the Tidy Bowl man ALL IN A ROW. On acid no less! All I can say is try it. Just for the taste of it.

#5. Wear a 'Gene Pitney' T-shirt. If you're over 25 people will constantly be saying 'I remember him!' Then you can gab on about your respective favorite songs. It's fun and encourages peace and brotherhood. For all you over-25ers who haven't heard of him, just say your favorite song is 'Somethings Gotten Hold of My Heart' and you'll be cool. If you're under 25 then chances are you haven't heard of him and that can be even more fun. When your peers ask 'Who he?' tell them he's your plumber, tell them he's Hugh Harper's brother-in-law, tell them he's the Jedi's tailor! The possibilities are endless so buy two and save.

#6. ATTENTION GIRLS: Men can have sensitive nipples too, so get on it!

#7. Go to jail. This earns instant respect. People assume you've experienced the real suffering, the real pain. Intellectuals, bleeding hearts, and Slacker's fans will love you and probably give you money. Take it.

#8. Take up smoking. There are few things more fun than walking into a small room full of non-smoking punkrockers and blowing smoke around. Sure, they'll think you're an inconsiderate ass but that's just tough tittie cuz the discerning eye will appreciate the cool way you inhale, exhale, hold your cig feyly, and cough.

#9. Call your parents. This is extremely important because they're the ones who made you what you are today. Of course that isn't much but at least you're alive and if you weren't you wouldn't be reading this illustrious publication. Remember, this issue is the first issue of the rest of your life. Read accordingly.

#10. Send me cash. Do that and I for one will think you're very, very cool. Bye.

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (S)MAIL CITY

Triple Dipper: Elliot Rachman (Stringbean) ex-APATHY, ex-VIRELLE, is now beating the skins with DICK + THE BALLS. How does this cat move between these cool bands & what does it mean? I chatted with him recently at poolside. Sipping a pina colada he says, "Don't worry about it. D+the B's will break up in Sept. Don't pack my bags yet." ... Dick Bowser is also working overtime with the BALLS, filling in on bass. Woof! Woof! Can't wait to see this new line-up in action... Will Jim Horn please return the Fog Man's guitar cord?... Guess the whole town is talking about Sherry Feight + Mr. Zoom... How big was that fish?...

Gospel Time

"Thou Shalt Not Fuck House Pets" by Cherry Magdeline

my daddy-o thinks I fuck the dogs when he's not around, and when I swear on their canine cranks that I don't he thinks it means I only let them eat me. I probably would if I didn't feel so protective of them. I think playing hide the weenie with humans is bad for their character.

When I was little my mother used to turn me down in toy stores by saying, "I don't want to spoil you." I feel the same way. Once around the poodle parlor with me, and my puppies would never be the same. woof, woof. how wow.



THE YOUNGSTERS: NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Imagine waking up one morning & hearing that Ralph ('Killer') ex-bassman for the Worms & Todd, ex-guitar for the Blue Spots are now playing in the same band. Well, wake up & smell the coffee 'cause the Youngsters have been born & are playing for keeps. Jay is on the drum kit. Jim writes, sings, & plays guitar. These guys have a popstone sound that I think sounds like the Romantics. Although someone else compared them to a 747 Jumbo Jet.

Anyway, Ralph takes to the mic & delivers his "Milk", which has been re-vamped & sounds like wave-jazz with a beat. See these guys soon playing in a parking lot near you.



FREE BEER BOYS & GIRLS AN AMAZING FEET!! ISSUE #3

Defying economic, personal & peer pressures we've managed to pinch-off ish #3. In my quest for the perfect beat & ultimate true poop I've broken the camera (sorry, Sis) twice, been bannished from one bar (by a racist bouncer) & jammed up one IBM Selectric typewriter (its now in the shop).

My former best buddy & current (sorry, everyone) co-editor are barely speaking these days. He criticizes my spelling with rabid vengeance, steals my returnable & owes me \$12.50. He also sold my entire collection of Jene Vincent L.P.'s. Claimed he needed kitty litter... The situation climaxed durring the paste-up for this ish. Hothead chased me around the basement with a pair of sissors yelling "I'll cut it off! I'll cut it off!" I ditched under the stairs with a n old rusty nail & a tube of super glue for defence. Editorial decisions are made very simply... beer swilling contests & organ measurments being the most popular.

I dout that I can stoop to this level much longer. Either he goes or I go. On this matter its a stand-off. He can drink more foam than me, but get out the ruler & I win everytime.

Maybe I should spin-off & do my own separate fishing scene report. Call it something like "Michigan Under-Water". More on this latter.